UKIAH REPUBLICAN-PRESS

MENDOCINO VALLEY SCENES. COUNTY BUILDINGS. MENDOCINO LOGGING AND COAST SCENES.

VOL. XXVI. UKIAH, MENDOCINO CO., CAL.: FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1901 NO. 5

THE SPEED PROGRAMME

Of the Forty-fifth Agricultural District.

An Outline of the Racing Events That Are to Occur During the Coming Meet in October.

Below will be found a list of the turf events that are scheduled for the first week in October. Over $1600 will be awarded in purses,and the affair promises to be one of the most interesting ever held in the county:

TUESDAY, OCT. 1.

1. Running—half-mile dash for horses that have never run for public money; purse $75.

2. Trotting—2:45 class; mile heats, 4 in 5; purse $150.

4. Running—quarter mile and repeat; purse $80.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2.

4. Running—nine-sixteenths mile and repeat; free for all; purse $100.

5. Trotting or pacing—for 3 year olds or under; mile heats, 2 in 3; purse $75.

6. Running—three-eights mile and repeat; purse $80.

7. Running—five-eights mile dash; free for all; purse $80.

THURSDAY, OCT. 3.

8. Running—one-half mile dash; purse $100.

9. Trotting—2:30 class; mile heats, 3 in 5, purse $150.

10. Running—three-quarter mile dash, free for all; purse $80.

FRIDAY, OCT. 4.

11. Running—three-eighths mile dash; purse $75.

12. Trotting—half-mile heats, 3 in 5, for buggy horses that have not trotted a mile better than 3:20. Committee to classify horses day before race, distance waived; purse (divided 60 and 40 per cent), $40.

13. Half mile and repeat; free for all; purse $100.

SATURDAY, OCT. 5.

14. Running—three-eights mile dash; free for all; purse $70.

15. Trotting—mile beats 3 in 5, free for all, purse $250.

16. Novelty race—one mile; $20 to first horse at first quarter; $15 to first horse at second quarter; $12.50 to first horse at third quarter; $12.50 to first horse at fourth quarter; entrance free.

17. Special race for unclassified horses; $100.

Conditions—Excepting as to free for all races, horses must have been owned in Mendocino county on or before July 10, 1901.

Five to enter and three to start in all races. All entries to be made at the office of Smith, Donohoe & Co., by 7 o'clock p. m. of day before the race.

National Trotting rules govern trotting and pacing races; P. C. B. H. rules govern running races.

Committee reserves the right to change the day and hour of any race.

All purses divided 60, 30 and 10 per cent except where otherwise stated.

Entrance, unless otherwise specified, 10 per cent of the purse.

A horse distancing the field receives only 1st and 3rd moneys.

L. G. SIMMONS,
President.

R. E. DONOHOE,
Secretary.

Band Concert.

The following program will be rendered at the band concert in front of the court house this (Friday) evening:

March, Shot and Shell.....Yule
Amorosa.....Nararro
Cornet Duo, La Paloma.....
Ed Keller and A. F. Calhoun
Overture, Fantastique.....Dalby
Trombone solo, Romance....Bennett
Mr. Al Banks.
March, The Buffaloes .....Engelmon
With song chorus.
Waltz, Danube Waves.....Thomas
Patrole, Blue and Gray.....Dalbey.
March, Union Forever.....Hall.

Frank Graves of San Jose has been a guest of his relatives and friends in this city during the past week.

The Water Case.

The case of the town of Ukiah City against the Ukiah Water company, in which Judge Angellotti set aside the verdict of the jury, will soon be in the supreme court for hearing. The city's attorneys, J. C. Ruddock and Seawell & Pemberton, have filed their opening brief for the appellant in the supreme court. McGarvey & Bledsoe have 30 days in which to file a brief on behalf of the Water company. Mr. Bledsoe is preparing the defendant's brief, and expects to have it completed this week. The two briefs will contain over 100 pages of printed argument. The supreme court will be called upon in this case to decide some questions which have never been passed upon by any court in the United States. It has never been decided that a water company is liable to a city for property destroyed by fire, and the courts of only two states in the Union have held that a water company is liable for the property of individuals destroyed.

NORTHERN MENDOCINO

Brief Record of Interesting Local Occurrences

Great Improvements Being Made by the Enterprising Citizens of Little Lake Valley. A Building Boom Now On.

WILLITS, Auggst 7.—Colonel Hardin passed through town Thursday enroute for his ranch near Cahto.

Charles Owens, the commercial traveler, passed through town Wednesday on his regular monthly trip.

Joe Gaffney, Henry Haehl, George Adcock and Joe Cook spent several days on Sanhedrin this week hunting and enjoying a much needed rest. They report having killed a deer and claim to have all shot at the same time. They took a lunch and some snake medicine with them on the trip which probably accounts for their success.

Judge Mannon and son, Attorney Charles Mannon, passed through town Wednesday on their way to Covelo where they will be joined by several other sportsmen. They will spend the month hunting and fishing in the northern part of Mendcino and southern Trinity.

William Perry and Special Insurance Agent Vance were in town Wednesday trying to adjust some of the rates for our town. They say insurance companies are loath to take a risk here and that few companies will do it. According to their statement a good water system would reduce the premium paid here from 33 to 50 per cent. This is what has been constantly argued by the Herald and it is very plain that this reduction in premium and consequently increase in property values would soon pay for our water system, and consequently it would cost nothing so to speak.

R. X. Ryan, the general passenger agent of the California Northwestern railway company, was in town Friday with Carpenter, the photographer. Their object was to get some views of the new mill and pictures along the line of the beautiful scenery.

W. H. Beattie was in town during the week.

Billy Ornbaun, the game warden, was in town the day the deer season opened. Mr. Ornbaun has done some very valuable work in protecting the wild game and deserves great credit. The fines that have been collected through his efforts more than pay his salary and the surplus is gradually increasing. If the game of this county is not protected it will soon become extinct.

Miss Nellie Owsley of Ukiah was in town this week visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. O. White.

Ben Good has again moved his barber shop and this time the change is much more commendable than the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.]

THE PASSING SHOW

San Francisco As the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

Breezy Notes By The Press' Resident Correspondent. The Wonderful Development of Commerce From the Bay City—Personal Mention.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 6.—Another week has passed and it's the time now for another letter from Miller. The days and weeks pass by so quickly,one hardly realizes the flight of time. It seems only a few days ago since I mailed my letter to THE PRESS. Mr. Editor, do you ever stop and think that we all are getting old, that we are losing all thought of the passing days? Stop and ponder over this thought and I am sure that you will be startled. We are in a rut, a well-worn channel, and we go on and on and don't seem to know that this life is fast ebbing away, that we are getting on the shady side of life, that we are traveling towards the setting of our sun. It is not a cheerful thought, but it is the truth. When one week's work is finished, then commences over again the same old work; on and on we go, we keep in the same old rut. Life at its best is a strange problem; it is hard to solve; some who try to solve it fail, while a few find its pleasures and enjoyments. I will not continue my sermon but will try to give you a few insights into the "Passing Show," as viewed by Miller.

Of course the all absorbing topic of conversation and interest by the masses here in the city is concerning the great strike that now has this great city by the throat. It is said that to see a strike in its perfection one must go to Pennsylvania, that there is the home of the strike; but let me tell you Mr. Editor, that this city by the sea is not far behind. Now here strikes have become a business. They are managed by shrewd, careful, diplomatic men—men who are just as brainy as those who manage the opposing forces. The head of the strikes has his cabinet of advisers,men who are familiar with every detail of the situation. Daily meetings are held and every phase of the movement is carefully gone over. It is really a battle of the giants.

It seems strange that at this enlightened age that there is not some way to adjust these labor difficulties otherwise than to strike, and thereby make many innocent people suffer. It is all wrong. The present strike is causing great losses to thousands of fruit growers. These farmers have labored for years to bring their orchards up to their proper bearing. Now the crop is ripe, ready to market, and it can't be handled; the strikers prevent it, and the farmer must suffer; many are feeding the ripe, luscious fruit to the hogs, throwing it away. Who will reimburse the farmers? Will the strikers? A large amount of the fruit is being handled by the fruit men here in the city, in spite of the striking teamsters, but still there is a vast amount that is not shipped here because it would spoil on the docks. The docks are not overburdened by products for the reason that producers do not ship more than can be handled.

A large number of drays are in operation—about 600 it is claimed—and this is making the striking teamsters very restless and angry. Some violence has been going on and much more is feared. The water front does not show its usual activity. The owners of vessels are only loading and unloading the mail and passenger steamers. Sailing vessels with full cargoes fill the stream and all the wharves, idly tugging at their cables, while thousands of idle men stand around; men who all need work, all have families to support, they can't or will not work, all because they are on a strike, one of sympathy to help out the teamsters. Despite the warnings and cries of the strike leaders the business of this great city moves on steadily; 18,000 men are idle, and yet they can be idle and the work go on just the same.

It has come down to a fight for the preservation of the labor unions. The employers have declared war against these unions and it will be a survival of the fittest, and the outcome is anxiously awaited by all classes, because all classes are directly or indirectly interested. Mayor Phelan has been using his good offices to adjust the difficulty, and if any one man can accomplish this end the mayor is the man. Gov. Gage is also here and is ready to act as arbitrator. The end of this difficulty cannot be far distant, as this state of affairs cannot last. The police work hard; they are on duty now from 14 to 16 hours per day. They can be seen on drays, express wagons, etc.; some fifty-odd are mounted; patrolmen are everywhere in the business district. No crowd of men is allowed to form, whenever there is a number of men together in the wholesale district a bluecoat comes up and the cry of "move on" is heard. The police deserve great credit for the manner in which they have managed aud controlled this strike.

The city was excited today when the news reached here of the great robbery of the Selby Smelting works of Vallejo. The evening papers got out extras before 12 M. It was the talk of the town. It is said to be the most daring. gigantic and successful robbery ever known on the coast. A master mind must have planned it all. In their hurry the robbers left behind them the trifling sum of $20,000 in gold bricks, but they succeeded in carrying away bullion to the value of $280,000, that alone would weigh over 1200 pounds.

Theatrical music lovers are enjoying a feast now a days. The grand opera season is on at the Tivoli. The management of that popular theatre have neither spared pains or money to make this a most successful season. The most eminent artists have been engaged from Italy. Crowded houses nightly greet the singers. Grand opera can now be enjoyed by only paying fifty cents for a seat. Florence Roberts is playing "Camille" at the Alcazar this week, and as usual the place is crowded at all performances. The Frawleys are still at the Grand opera house. James Neill and company are at the Columbia. The other play houses have their usual good bills.

Yesterday, Monday, was a cold, gloomy day. We did not see the sun all day; a heavy fog hung over the city, and it was cold, indeed a few drops of rain fell about noon. Today the sun has ventured to shine, but it still has been cold. I hear you are having exceedingly warm weather in Ukiah. We would like to divide some of our fog with you for a little sunshine, and I am sure the exchange would be agreeable to you too.

Work is being rapidly pushed forward for the beginning of the new building on the old Baldwin hotel ground. Many men and teams are employed in getting out the remains of the rubbish. The work on the 12-story building of the Mutual bank at Geary and Market has reached the street level now. With the completion of these two buildings San Francisco will have taken another step forward.

Your correspondent's eyes are heavy, sleep is about to claim him as its victim, and he will have to draw this week's letter to a close. It is late, Mr. Editor, so for this week he will have to close. If he is able you will hear from him again next week.

Single Tree Hammock.

The novelty of the hammock consists in its ability to keep on the shady side of the tree at all hours of the day, and it also has the advantage of being adapted for use on a single tree or the side of a house, where only one support is available. Of course, it will not curve from end to end like the ordinary hammock, but it has a swinging motion of its own, and it can be made quite as comfortable for resting as those now in use. The attachment to the tree is made by a ball and socket joint and the two hooks, with the suspending cables, the joint allowing the hammock to swing laterally in substantially the same plane. By providing duplicate heads for suspending the hammock it can be moved around the tree into another position as the day advances, thus always keeping under the shady side of the tree, and when not in use it folds up flat for storage in small compass.

Mrs. F. T. Hittell visited San Francisco a few days this week.

A FAREWELL RECEPTION

A Hot Air Club at Orrs Gives High Jinks.

Andrew Kuster Is Elected President Vice William Held Unavoidably Absent. A Fine Entertainment.

A farewell reception was given by the Hot Air Club of Orrs Springs Saturday evening last. The occasion was the departure Sunday morning of delegates John Corkery, Frank Hogan, Richard Hammond (alias Romeo). These gentlemen left for their homes in San Francisco on the noon train. The club is a very popular association, and while its membership is more or less fluctuating, many pleasant entertainments were given under its auspices last week. The program Saturday evening last consisted of an opening address by the president, William Held, who responded to an encore by reciting, "How Big Was Alexander, Pa?" Frank Hogan read a pandect on "How I Mashed a Fly." Corkery then recited, "I'll Win You If I Have to Take a Gun." Dick Hammond presented "The Balcony Scene" from Romeo and Juliet. John Bumeli related thrilling experiences with rattlesnakes in South Africa and northern Mendocino. Andrew Kuster gave a monologue in which he gave many local hits. Mrs. Elizabeth Chalfant recited, "How I Cooked the Tree Squirrel." Billy Bond sang, "The Cartridge That I Sent for Never Came."

At the dissolution of the midsummer event Andrew Kuster was elected president and Mrs. Chalfant vice-president. Mr. Held became an ex officio delegate to the Munchausen society of St. Louis, and will visit the city by the big muddy on his wedding tour.

Dr. Moss of Palo Alto and a party from Menlo park have been spending a few weeks in Mendocino shooting at deer and trying to catch fish. They lost a man several days ago and are now hunting for him. His name is H. Offerman, and he became tangled among the redwoods and madrones and one of the party remained over to search for him.

Hugh Beattie died at his home in Sutter county Monday from the effect of an operation for appendicitis. He was aged 21 and leaves many relatives and friends in this county. He was a popular and highly esteemed member of society.

James Hughes of Potter valley was kicked on the head by a mule last night and is now lying unconscious at his home in that place. His brother George left for Potter this morning, the case seeming to be serious.

Charles Hyde, book keeper for Muir brothers, the contractors, died Tuesday. An autopsy was held by Coroner Taylor and Dr. Rea pronounced death caused by alcoholism.

MENTIONED PERSONALLY

Kaleidoscopic Views of the Movements of Mendocinoites.

Short Stories of the Social Happenings Which Come Under the Observation of Press Reporters.

A. Beattie of Fort Bragg was in town Sunday last.

The local band will give a concert at Vichy Sunday afternoon.

Bert Adams is spending a few days with friends in Lake county.

Judge McGarvey was a visitor to Point Arena during the past week.

Superintendent Barbee is visiting the schools of northern Mendocino.

Miss Golden of Fort Bragg was over from the coast the early part of the week.

Eighteen steam and sailing vessels called at coast points during the past month.

The union service will be held on Sunday evening at the Presbyterian church.

There were shipped from this county to San Francisco last month 5,896,000 feet of lumber and 126,889 railroad ties.

Editor Rideout of the Lakeport Bee and also postmaster of the Lake city has been enjoying an outing on the coast.

L. F. Vann, the commercial traveler, is in town on his regular business visit. He is accompanied by Mrs. Vann.

Thomas Hughes, a member of the police force of San Jose, is up on a visit to his brother, C. A. Hughes, of this city.

Dr. John Zipf, an expert druggist of San Francisco, is at W. A. Hofman's Emporium during Dr. Gibson's absence on his vacation.

Mrs. Walter Conner, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, south of town, has been on the sick list for the last few days.

A recent mountain fire destroyed nearly 50 acres of range feed on the ranch of T. D. Orr. Baechtel brothers of Eden valley also lost considerable range pasture by fires lately.

Miss Carrie Van Allen of THE PRESS has returned from a month's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Allen Davidson of Little Lake valley. The young lady is much improved in health.

Tennessee Bill is now touring the southern part of the state. He was arrested in Ventura Friday last, and secured a new suit of clothes by tearing up his old ones.

George Jamison, wife and child, returned Sunday from a three weeks' outing in Mendocino and Humboldt counties. They went up as far as Eureka and came down by the coast route,thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Meade Clark of the Castle Bar took a party of friends over to Blue Lakes and Laurel Dell yesterday. It was a jovial crowd — Harry Franier and Frank Kline of the Palace hotel, San Francisco, and Joe Taylor of this city. The boys will return tomorrow.

Mrs. W. H. Miller was thrown from a buggy Tuesday last, and escaped injury by a miracle. She was driving a fractious horse, which ran away, and before the animal was reduced to submission Mrs. Miller had sprung from the vehicle, and thus narrowly avoided what might have been a fatality.

Edward Porter, clerk at the Grand hotel, and Miss L. E. Rodenbaugh of Kansas, were married at the rectory of the Presbyterian church by Rev. D. Gillies Sunday evening last. The nuptials surprised the friends of the genial clerk, for every one imagined him to be heart free. But he was captured, and that too by one of the most charming young ladies of the Sunflower state. An informal supper was served at the Grand hotel in the evening,and bride and groom received many warm congratulations from their numerous friends.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

The happiest heart is simple;
None dares to call it wise.
It sees the beauty of its life
With frank and truthful eyes.
It has a knack of loving;
It has a trustful way;
Oh, what a foolish heart is this,
The worldlier people say!

The happiest heart is childlike;
It never quite grows old;
It sees the sunset's splendor
As it saw the dawning's gold.
It has a gift for gladness;
Its dreams die not away;
Oh, what a foolish, happy heart,
The worldlier people say!

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

A KNIGHT ERRANT

How He Stood by an Innocent Girl In the Hour of Her Peril.

As a matter of fact, Standish was not cold. He was indeed freshly and unexpectedly romantic under his apparent invulnerability. Once, long ago in early manhood, he had seen for an instant ideal love as he had dreamed it. It had not been for him, and it had flown to fairer worlds almost before he had realized its beauty, but he had never forgotten the revelation.

If now he sometimes looked over curiously at the girls and women he met, it was because he had always an irrational hope that that divine glimpse might again be vouchsafed to him. How did he know but that any day, in any drawing room, in the street, on the river, he might meet the lady of his dreams. He had always been disappointed hitherto. Never since Mary Grayson died had he met love.

Women of all ages made much of him. He was eligible as well as attractive and had gifts of mind as well as of person and manner.

So it was that he had drifted into being made much of by Mrs. Lawrence, the wife of Tom Lawrence, a good, honest, stupid fellow, one fair hair of whose head was worth all worthless little Mrs. Dolly.

Standish could hardly have explained how he had drifted into being always at Mrs. Dolly's beck and call and why he was to be found so often on the hearthrug at the Cedars when the Lawrences' butler brought in the afternoon tea. It was Mrs. Dolly's doing, no doubt, and Tom, who was head over ears in love with his heartless little wife, looked on Dolly's friendship with Herbert Standish contentedly.

Standish arrived one afternoon in April rather later than usual and found Mrs. Lawrence very much put out at something or other. Even the lilies of the valley which he laid at her feet failed to dispel the cloud on her brow. For the first time Standish felt that Mrs. Dolly was inclined to impose a yoke upon him to which his broad shoulders did not bend gracefully.

While he was chafing a little at the lady's exactions the hopes of the house, Guy, Cecil and Arthur, rioted into the room, followed more demurely by their sister, Millicent, a mincing little girl, who, by and by, would be the image of her mother. It was a jest of Mrs. Dolly's that Standish was to marry Millicent one day, and even now, at 8 years old, Millicent, nursing her doll, made unsuspected eyes at the tall figure on the hearthrug.

Following came Nora O'Brien, Mrs. Lawrence's new governess.

As the slender girl in the straight blue frock passed silently to her place behind the tea table Standish's heart gave a sudden, unexpected throb. With such a heart throb the lad of 18 had looked on the heaven destined beauty of Mary Grayson, but never since, never since, had it beaten with such a high hope, with such a quick despair.

An instant and he had stepped forward to take the cups from the new governess' hand.

Mrs. Lawrence had not introduced him to the new inmate of the house. She never did introduce her governesses, a fact of which Standish was aware and which had often caused him a feeling of contemptuous irritation with charming Mrs. Dolly. But since he was so often a visitor he had come to be on speaking terms with the long line of Mrs. Lawrence's governesses, so many of whom had failed to please the lady and her exacting young daughter.

As he took the cup from Miss O'Brien's hand he paused an instant and looked down into her eyes. She did not change color, but looked up at him steadfastly. Her eyes were dark blue, fringed with black lashes. He seemed to look down into her heart in that instant of time, to ask her if she was really the one he had been looking for since he lost Mary Grayson. What she answered with her steadfast long look he could not read easily. Only he was sure she was honest and true and that her love was his to win if he could. He smelled the fresh, spring-like smell of the daffodils in the breast of her blue gown. It was bewildering.

Then a word from his hostess, spoken a little snappishly, recalled him. He carried the cup of tea to Mrs. Dolly and fetched her the tiny table to hold it which she was in the habit of using. He offered her the foie gras sandwiches and the buttered toast. Only a very fine observer would have noticed that his eyes were alert now, no longer jaded, and that something like a spring wind had put a little color in his face and ruffled his smooth hairs ever so little.

Little Millicent, on her footstool, watched the new governess from eyes that had a trick of narrowing like her mother's, watched her and then went on furtively to Herbert Standish's subtly altered face.

The weeks of the spring went by in a jocund procession. Standish was as assiduous as ever in his attendance at the Cedars, and the house by the river grew pleasanter as the May burst in blossom and the little flotilla of the water lilies rocked at its moorings.

He hardly ever spoke with Mrs. Lawrence's governess yet from his place on the hearthrug against the background of palms and ferns which had taken the place of the fire his eyes watched her incessantly.

He had angered Mrs. Lawrence once or twice by, unnecessarily as it seemed to her, turning over the pages of the governess's music and lingering by the piano while she sang heart piercing Irish songs in the richest, softest of contraltos. However, after a time he was forgiven, because he loved music, and it was excuse enough for his transgression, since even Mrs. Lawrence could not deny the beauty of the Irish girl's singing.

So few words had passed between them, and yet he seemed to know so much about Nora O'Brien and her uneventful history. Her father, the retired army officer, her delicate mother, the old, big barrack of a house on the Shannon, full of out at elbows, happy, hungry girls and boys. He imagined it as Nora's homesick eyes saw it. He knew about her years in the French convent. He knew the very names of the dogs in her Irish home. And yet so little, so little, had passed between them.

He was so far from making her conspicuous by his attentions that perhaps only one person was aware of the steady regard with which the very eyes of his soul seemed turned on Nora O'Brien, and that was a little person, supposed about this time to be much engrossed in the making of a doll's trousseau.

It was about two months after Miss O'Brien's coming to the Cedars that Standish came in upon a perturbed scene in the drawing room, where things were usually so well ordered. He came in unannounced by way of the garden and the veranda to find Mrs. Lawrence and her governess confronting each other.

The lady was in a high state of wrath. Her cheek had an added brilliance to that of the rouge pot, and her eyes were narrowing and opening to display a fierce light in depths that usually looked shallow enough. Her voice was raised, her dramatic right hand pointed to the pale girl, who stood with one hand resting on the table, as though for support.

As soon as Mrs. Lawrence caught sight of Standish she dropped into a chair and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I am so ashamed," she began, "such a dreadful thing, and to think of those dear children! How little I knew!"

"Mrs. Lawrence thinks I stole one of her jewels," said the girl, answering the question in Standish's face. She was white to the lips, but stood perfectly upright, and something in the pose of her uplifted face suggested an appeal from an earthly to a heavenly judge.

"Think!" echoed Mrs. Lawrence furiously. "When it was found hidden away among your things, you horrid girl! Upon my word, I think in the interests of justice I shall have to prosecute you. If I send you back to your father, you will be presently stealing from somebody else."

"Nonsense!" said Standish, with a roughness he had never before used to a woman. "Miss O'Brien has stolen nothing of yours. What hallucination is this, Mrs. Lawrence?"

Mrs. Dolly gasped for breath, then recovered herself, and her next speech had a slow and cold malice.

"She will have to prove it, then! She admired it from the beginning, my beautiful pink pearl pin. I should never have suspected her, of course, only for my darling Millicent's acuteness. Will you defend Miss O'Brien, Mr. Standish?"

Herbert Standish made a step or two to the girl's side and took her cold fingers in his and raised them to his lips.

"If she will permit me," he said, "I shall defend her with my life."

There was a horrible commotion outside, and suddenly a struggling little girl in the midst of a mass of boys came as though from a catapult into the middle of the drawing room floor.

"Here she is, the little sneak!" cried Guy, Cecil and Arthur with one voice, pushing their sister Millicent toward the astonished group by the mantelshelf.

Millicent was disheveled and looked cold. Her eyes had frozen tears in them, and her lips were blue.

"What have you been doing to your sister, you rough boys?" cried Mrs. Dolly indignantly, forgetting her own grievances for the moment.

"Only holding her head downward over the pond till she confessed," cried her brothers triumphantly.

"Confessed what?"

"Why that she sneaked that old pin of yours and hid it away in Miss O'Brien's things."

The miserable Millicent's fears melted and began to run forlornly down her cheeks.

"I did do it," she said, "and I don't know what I did it for, and if it wasn't for those dreadful boys I'd say now I didn't do it. But they'd nearly drown me again."

Mrs. Dolly pushed the sobbing penitent from her.

"I'm really very much annoyed," she said. "I'm sure I don't know why people ever have any children to be so horrid. I must apologize, Miss O'Brien. Of course you won't care to remain in charge of these children any longer."

Standish had a wicked thought of suggesting that Miss O'Brien had a very good case for damages, but refrained for Tom Lawrence's sake.

"It has only made us understand each other a little sooner," he said, taking up again the hand which the entrance of the young Lawrences had made him drop. "But, of course, in any case I could not have spared her to you for very long, Mrs. Lawrence."

"I had no idea"— began Mrs. Dolly civilly.

"I say, old fellow," shouted the three hopes of the house in one voice, "it's no end of a shame for you to go sneaking the very nicest governess we ever had."—Mainly About People.

An Easy Shave.

He was one of these smooth faced young men who chew gum because it's ladylike and smoke cigarettes because it's manly.

"Hair cut?" asked the barber as he threw his head back on the rest.

"Naw, course not!" indignantly replied the customer. "Can't yer see I want a shave?"

The barber heaved a weary sigh as he lathered the face, which looked like an advertisement for somebody's complexion balm. Then he picked up a neck razor, whipped it over the strop once and scraped the lather off with the back of the instrument.

"By Jove, a shave makes a man feel better!" ejaculated the smooth faced one, rubbing his hand gently over his skin.

"That's the fourth one of them things today," growled the barber.—Denver Times.

A Matter of Mind.

"I have a great mind to go to the political club tonight," said Mr. J. to his wife.

"What?" she replied with surprise.

"I have a great mind to go to the club tonight."

"Whose?" she asked.

"Why—what?"

"Whose great mind?"

"Why—my own, of course, madam."

"Oh!" and the rising inflection she gave the ejaculation was very provoking to a man of fine feeling.—Syracuse Herald.

THE TROUBLE IN CHINA.

Russia is displaying renewed activity in Manchuria and is strengthening her grip on Newchwang.

A dispatch from Peking dated Aug. 4 says that American and European residents assert that the demeanor of the Peking populace is constantly becoming more unfriendly, and that as the allied troops depart the Chinese resume their old habits of jostling and cursing foreigners in the streets

Governor Yuan of Shantung has issued a remarkable proclamation, instructing Chinese magistrates not to allow the missionaries to exercise the same influence as heretofore in local affairs or in any other than religious matters in the future. The governor states that he has received many reports from Chinese officials that "unworthy members of the church were practicing their religion simply for the protection it afforded them, and were setting aside the law of the land and seeking occasions for quarrel, and that such affairs were daily increasing in number."

A Canton dispatch of August 1 says violent anti-foreign placards emanating from the Boxers have been posted in the vicinity of Christian chapels. The placards protest against the paying of the indemnity by means of the house tax, and urges the making of war on the foreigners as the best way of exercising the carefully studied military arts. "Should the house tax be collected," say the placards, "we will demolish the chapels and drive out the Christians. If the emperor is unable to pay, we Boxers have an excellent plan to gain a victory over the foreigners. Unless this policy is adopted a great rebellion is certain."

It was announced in the British house of commons that the official date fixed for the evacuation of Peking by the British troops is August 15th, subject to a few days' extension, if necessary. The evacuation of the other places in China will depend upon circumstances.

A dispatch received at Berlin from Peking says the foreign ministers have sanctioned the marching in of a division of 3,000 Chinese regular troops to a place situated a few li from Peking about August 8, preparatory to the evacuation of the Chinese capital by the allied troops on August 15.

William Steffen of Moscow, Ida., after shooting and instantly killing Dr. W. W. Watkins, shooting George Creighton through the arm and Deputy Sheriff Cool through the shoulder and thigh, was pursued by a sheriff's posse to his own house and killed by a bullet through his heart.

A story of death and starvation comes from Nome. After 43 days of great hardship in the Agipuk mining district, George Dean, miner, is dead, and his two companions, Jack Houston and Joseph C. Thiery, are at death's door. Houston will probably recover, but there is little hope that Thiery's life will be saved. Houston and Thiery severed the thigh of their dead companion from his body and were cooking it when help arrived and saved them from cannibalism.

The Colfax and Forest Hill stage was help up by a lone highwayman at a point four miles below Colfax, on the road to Forest Hill. There were five passengers, whom the highwayman had lined up and ordered Driver Powell to pass the hat. Three of the passengers were not molested, as the robber said he would not take a workingman's money. The other two, whom the robber took for capitalists, but were drummers, contributed about $20.

The jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, with the death penalty, against Juan Gonzales and Josa Cota, charged with the murder of Antonio Ruiz April 24, near Hollister, Cal. The case lasted two weeks and was bitterly contested. This is the first death sentence since the county was formed.

WHY SUFFER WITH HEADACHE When one dose of Sherman's Headace Cure will rid you of it. They are instantaneous in their effect, and perfectly harmless. Keep a box in the house for emergencies. They cure neuralgia. 25 cents and 50 cents a box. For sale by all dealers.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know it.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1. sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Home of Swamp-Root.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Get an up-to-date overcoat at the City of Ukiah while you can get it for little money.

Low Prices and Lofty Values

Are what people get when they buy their Groceries, Flour, Feed, etc., at my store. I have just received a large consignment of Tinware and Graniteware of the best grades. I am selling these goods at a very small margin and if you contemplate purchasing anything in this line it will be to your interest to call and examine them.

A. W. Grover, Prop.
Store In Dowling Block, Ukiah

GROCERY ECONOMY

We are here to aid you in Grocery Economy. Call at our store and be convinced. You'll be surprised to find how much cheaper it is to use first-class groceries, especially when you get them for the same price as you would pay for the poorer grades. A full line of crockery, glassware and something nice in china at our store.

ROTH & HIX
TELEPHONE, MAIN NO. 70

WHEN YOU ARE IN NEED OF
School Supplies
OF ANY KIND WHATEVER
Stationery, Miscellaneous
—:and Gift Books:—
CALL ON OR ADDRESS
J. W. EVERSOLE
UKIAH
FURNITURE, CARPETS, UNDERTAKING, ETC.

Weldon & Barlow's
BROOM FACTORY
Is now running in full blast. All orders are promptly filled.
EVERY KIND OF BROOM MADE
Near Oil Well, Ukiah

RUPTURE

Write to the Mohawk Remedy Co., Rome, N. Y. and they will tell you how you can cure your rupture or hernia and the only way they can possibly be cured. Free of charge It will cost you but one cent, don't wait, you will never regret it.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. DAKE'S Advertising Agency, 64 and 65 Merchants Exchange San Francisco, California, where contracts, for advertising can be made for it.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Depot Saloon
Wilhelm Held, Prop.
Keeps the best wines, liquors and cigars and the coolest and sharpest beer in town. Free lunch counter in connection.
Near the Railroad Depot

MERCHANT TAILOR
FRANK GIORNO
(Successor to John Gassel)
Is prepared to do fashionable tailoring at reasonable prices.
Guarantees Satisfaction
Special attention given to Ladies' Jackets

Shoes Repaired or made at the shop of C. Bruns on State street A good job guaranteed.
Opposite Eagle Block

THREE TIMES
THE VALUE OF
ANY OTHER
1-3 EASIER
1-3 FASTER

The only machine that does not fail in any point. Rotary Motion and Ball Bearing, the lightest running machine in the world.

Rapid—saves about one day in three, sewing that much faster than any vibrating shuttle machine. More time is saved, more money earned.

Quiet and durable. The rotary motion does away with noise and wear caused by the forward and backward movement of the shuttle.

General office for Pacific coast 933, Market Street, San Francisco.

CARTER & HATCH

Are now located on State St., in blacksmith formerly occupied by Chessall & Layton. Horseshoeing and general blacksmithing. Also all kinds of wagon repairing done on short notice. Vehicles made to order.

We Put On Morgan & Wright Rubber Tires Cheap For Cash

Wilson & York Successors to FRED SHOLL
Dealers in
EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF BOOKS AND PERIODicials, Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco and Fruits of all Kinds
AGENTS FOR SAN FRANCISCO PAPERS

When You Are in Ukiah Call At
Peter O'Neal's Sample Rooms
JUST SOUTH OF THE COURT HOUSE, UKIAH
He keeps everything on tap. Hot lunches and the best of wines, liquors and cigars. He runs one of the neatest and most up-to-date places in town and he'll give you a square deal.

The Palm Saloon
AND OYSTER GROTTO
Ice Cold Pabst Milwaukee Lager Beer On Draught
Hot Lunch Every Evening a Specialty
Opp. Bank, Ukiah J. J. Blodes, Prop.

Grand Hotel, Ukiah
B. S. HIRSCH, PROP.
The Leading Hotel in Mendocino county. The best accomodations for families. Four very large sample rooms for commercial travelers. All stages arrive at and depart from this hotel. Free 'bus and free baggage to and from all trains. Saloon in connection with hotel. The wines, liquors and cigars are the best.
A FIRST-CLASS, FIRE-PROOF BUILDING

SAVED BY THE BELLS

Gerald Wykham was a struggler in literature. He had grown tired of hearing the postman come down the hallway with refusals of his productions and was convinced that luck was against him. Men must have a scapegoat, and when their energies fail of accomplishing some desired end, possibly through their own blindness or mismanagement, they attribute their failure to luck.

So Gerald sat and thought of his prospects, and it did not require much effort to cover them all. He cast up his accounts mentally and balanced his assets against his liabilities. Of the latter, thank God, there were none to amount to anything, and of the former—well, the account balanced nicely. His watch was silver, and old at that. His lawbooks were not numerous, and old lawbooks are a drug on the market at any time. His furniture was rickety and cheap. So there was nothing to be gained in trying to sell that. He threw out his hands in a sort of deprecating appeal to the world as he sat there in the darkness. What was there to live for? There was nothing in life that he could see. He had no intimate friends—he had been too much wrapped up in his business to make them.

He had many pleasant acquaintances, but they are rarely friends. A friend is one who is willing to give something for nothing, and Gerald knew that there was none such among the men who greeted him pleasantly day after day. He had no family save a distant cousin or two, who would regard it as a blessing, perhaps, if he were out of the way. "Out of the way!" That phrase woke a train of thought in his mind. He dropped his head upon his hands and thought of getting rid of his miserable life. He sat there and heard nothing. The colored janitor shuffled down the hallway and closed the staircase window, grumbling the while about the weights being too heavy and the windows being likely to open themselves "jes' when they's a showah an mebbe a bluzzard a-ragin."

But Gerald did not hear him. The room was growing darker and colder at the time, but the man's heart was so much darker and colder that he felt nothing. He was thoroughly discouraged, and when a man gets thoroughly discouraged; when, like this one, his funds and his prospects are all gone; when the streets, and the factories, and the newspapers, are all filled with forms and names begging for employment, and the discouraged man knows no trade or profession save the one which has failed, then comes the desire to sleep—to die—to end the futile struggle for existence anyhow, to stop thinking. It goes further than a discussion of the question, "Is life worth living?" and it becomes merely a bald statement, "Death were better!"

Gerald reached for the drawer in his desk, where his revolver, loaded with ball, lay close to his hand. It would be a quick way out of the difficulty—a momentary twinge of pain, then blessed oblivion.

The 6 o'clock bells were ringing, and the man rose with a bitter smile. The mocking bells rang on, merrily, merrily chasing the tones up and down the scale. He looked at the pistol, cocked it. Hark! There came in through that hall window, which must have opened itself again, the strains of "Coronation." The bells had ceased their mockery and were ringing out the old hymn tunes—the tunes his mother used to play on the old melodeon and sing to him. He stopped, and the pistol slowly fell by his side. Then the air changed, and the chimes rolled the grand strains of "Adeste Fideles"—

Oh, come, all ye faithful—

Was he faithful to himself? Was he faithful to his manhood?

Joyful and triumphant—

Was there nothing at all in life worth living for? Had he not advised a disconsolate friend to cheer up and make one more step out to better things? The pistol dropped from his hand on to the table, and the air played by the bells was now one of comfort—

—to the mercy seat,
Fervently kneel.

Through the snow laden twilight the notes of the hymn sounded—

Here bring your wounded hearts,
Here tell your anguish—

The memory of the little old church at home came back to him—the memory of his mother's death and how the hymn comforted his childish heart.

Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

There came a shuffle on the floor of the hallway, and the light of a lantern shone over the transom. A knock on the door; but the man within stood with his face buried in his hands and heeded it not. Then a letter was slipped through and fell with a soft tap on the bare and dirty floor.

The bells were silent as the man stepped forward, picked up the letter, and with a bitter smile read the stamp on the corner. He knew it so well! Another polite refusal, or a request to send postage. He tore it open. What! A thin piece of paper—"We should be glad to see more of your work." Ah! The bells, the bells ring out and out—

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow—

Praise God! Nothing else would do. Praise God and bless the bells—the bells—

Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

The man fell on his knees as the bells ceased, and from that dingy room there went up a prayer—one of the rare prayers that are poured forth from a joyful heart and go straight to heaven. And the bells of St. Mark's had saved a soul.

No Disappointment.

"Isn't your new house taking longer to build than you expected?"

"Oh, no! I've only spent twice as much on it so far as I anticipated."—Detroit Free Press.

News From Laytonville.

LAYTONVILLE, August 7.—Mrs. William Orender and her two daughters, Ama and Alma, met with quite an accident on Saturday while returning from town. Just as they reached the last turn of the road and almost in sight of their home, the horse became frightened and unmanageable. Mrs. Orender strove bravely to hold the horse, which was running at full speed, but one of the lines broke and the horse turned from the road; the cart struck a culvert with terrific force and they were all thrown violently to the ground. They were badly bruised, but are now doing well and are happy in the thought that they received no greater injury.

The hot weather still continues, and older settlers of the community say they have never before experienced hot weather so continuous.

Dr. E. G. Case, Judge Mannon and J. H. Seawell were in town on Thursday.

The hay-balers are almost through baling hay in this valley and are now thinking seriously of going to Little Lake valley for more hay to bale.

Arthur Tracy of Klondike fame was in from his mountain ranch last Tuesday.

Harry Beard came in from the mountains and rested a few hours under the delightful shade trees of our town.

"Sontag" Van Fossen has accepted a position with the surveyors and went out to camp on Friday.

Q. CUMBER.

Lecture Tuesday Evening.

Those who failed to attend the lecture given Tuesday evening at the St. John's M. E. church, missed the rare treat promised them. Mrs. Katherine V. Grinnell discoursed on "The Coming Social Order," a subject which was treated in a new and original manner. She traced the development of the nation of Israel from the first promise of God to Abraham to their captivity, and from the wanderings of the ten lost tribes which have been traced by historians, easily established their identity with the Anglo-Saxon race, who received their name from Isaac, Abraham's son, Saxon being but a shortened form of Isaac's sons, fulfilling the prophecy, "In Isaac shall thy seed be called." Mrs. Grinnell has spent many years in studying the natural principles of social order from the scientific standpoint, and believing that all natural principles must have already found expression in the history of the human race, she was led to study the bible to discover the principles that were involved in the history of the primative people in connection with her scientific studies. Her statements were most convincing and gave a foreshadowing sense of the wonders to be developed in the principles manifested primarily in the ancient orders. The audience was not very large, but the address was received with enthusiasm, and was one that all intellectual and thinking people should have heard. *

Excursion.

The Woodmen of the World of this city will run an excursion to San Francisco on Saturday, August 10. One fare for the round trip. Tickets may be purchased at the Ukiah Cyclery or from James Elder or Marvin Laughlin. Good on all trains leaving Ukiah on Saturday, August 10, with return limit Monday, August 13.

What Shall We Have for Dinner?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, orange, raspberry and strawberry. Get a package at your grocers today. 10 cents.

Lost—A valise containing bank book, at Grand hotel; marked J. D.H.; finder will please leave at Grand hotel, Ukiah.

The famous Old Gilt Edge Whisky is recommended by physicians for family and medicinal use because it is pure.

Le Forest Phillips and Miss Belle Pierce of Point Arena were married at Berkeley last week.

L. Hoag, of Boonville, paid this city a business visit the early part of the week.

The summer clothing at the City of Ukiah is selling very fast. Get in on it.

Boarders wanted at Mrs. L. Lamb's on Standley street.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

CHAT BY THE CHATTERER

Appearance and Disappearance of Mendocino's Population.

Remember tomorrow's shoe sale at the City of Ukiah.

Rev. E. H. Gurley will preach in Lakeport Sunday next.

Mrs. Julia Nutter of San Jose is visiting her nephew, C. E. Nutter, of this city.

If you miss the great shoe sale tomorrow at the City of Ukiah you'll be sorry.

Miss Priscilla White has accepted a position in J. H. Saunders' photograph gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKinley are visiting friends and relatives in San Francisco.

Children's day service will be held at St. John's M. E. church on Sunday morning at 11.

Dr. Moore, Dr. Gibson and James Jamison are spending their vacation in Round Valley.

The great dry goods and clothing sale at the City of Ukiah is going to keep on another week.

P. Rothermel, the well known lumberman, is up on a camping trip. He is accompanied by his wife.

A small blaze was discovered in the Ukiah house this morning. It was extinguished before any damage was done.

A meeting of the stockholders of the new creamery will be held in the city hall to-morrow at 2 o'clock. A full attendance is requested.

L. Hoag and wife were over from Anderson valley Monday. Mr. Hoag is one of the most successful farmers in that section of the county.

William Clark of Cahto has been in town on business during the week. Mr. Clark is one of the best known sheep-raisers in Mendocino county.

Stephen H and Owen W. Busch, D. E. McKee and W. E. Shelton were down from Potter Tuesday. The first two proved up on government land.

Conductor Saunders is filling the position made vacant by the resignation of J. L. Hayward on the Ukiah-Cloverdale division of the local road.

Those who miss the great Sandow entertainment at Marks opera house to-morrow evening will regret it as long as they live. The show is immense.

Mrs. H. W. Cole of Los Angeles who has been visiting her sister Mrs. J. E. Cannon, and her nieces, Mrs. Templeton and Mrs. Eversole, returned home Monday.

W. O. White of the Little Lake Herald was in town this morning. He says that affairs in Willits are booming, and that the future looks bright for that progressive town.

Joe Rudee, brother of I. Rudee, proprietor of the Great Eastern Department store, is spending his vacation in this city. Mr. Rudee is employed in the postoffice department at San Francisco.

Mrs. K. V. Grinnell of Chicago, Ill., who has been visiting her brother, William Van Allen, for the past three weeks, left yesterday to visit friends in San Francisco and other southern cities.

No appointments have yet been made in the matter of the Lake county fair district, and the residents of that section are vigorously kicking over the delay in the naming of the directors.

Wesley Ford, a young son of Marvin Ford of this valley, accidentally shot himself in the jaw with a 22-calibre rifle while on a hunting expedition near Hearst. The accident occurred Tuesday, and the boy is doing nicely.

Mmes. J. E. Strock and F. G. Havens, accompanied by Miss Emma English, all of Riverside, are going to the coast on a visit to Mrs. J. A. Gordon. W. P. English will also visit his daughter at DeHaven in the near future.

A jolly coaching party of twelve young people left here Monday evening for Devil's Den where a moonlfght luncheon was served. The party was in honor of Miss Ethel Hudson of San Francisco, who is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Francis E. Rea.

The compulsory school law was amended by the last legislature, and it is believed it can now be enforced. This law compels parents and guardians to send all children between the ages of 6 and 14 years of age, who are under their charge, to school at least five months during the school year. Failing to do this they are liable to fine and imprisonment.

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

Business Transacted at Their Regular Monthly Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met last Monday in regular session, present Chairman Barnard and Supervisors Rawles and Smith.

It was ordered that Marion Hoss, now confined in jail, be allowed a rebate of five days on each month of his sentence, for good behavior.

Report of F. A. Whipple, Justice of the Peace, approved.

Ordered that justices of the peace pay the full amount of all fines into the county treasury.

Report of viewers on Greenwood and Anderson road set for hearing Sept. 3rd, 1901.

The bill of Whittier State Reform School was laid over.

Bill of Union Lumber Co. for $2.20 for merchandise furnished an indigent rejected. Not a county charge.

Bids for construction of wagon bridge across Little river were opened as follows:

S F Bridge Co	$2742
R G Coombs & C L Dearborn	2825
Henry McKenzie	2535
Healey, Tibbitts & Co	2143

Monday, Sept. 3rd, at 2 o'clock p. m., was set as time for further consideration of said bids.

Several reports were received and placed on file.

Report of County Surveyor on the public wagon road built under contract by the Albion Lumber Co., received and considered, and ordered that the claim of said company be paid as follows:

From 4th Road District	$1000
" 5th " "	1000
" 1st " "	500

The following claims were allowed:

Walter Pemberton, bd of edu.	$ 15 00
R L Cleland, " "	60 00
F M McGough, " "	154 20
J F Barbee, " "	75 00
L Barnard, mileage	37 20
R H Rawles, "	41 00
J D Ledford, rd wk	19 00
J M Hixson, "	11 00
Albion L Co, const new rd	500 00
John Burgess, fixing fence	12 00
Wiley English, rd contract	200 00
J A Gibson, supplies	5 10
John Linn, rd wk	74 00
J L Orr, "	140 00
E R Wright, "	2 00
Albion L Co, "	1000 00
F Fritysche, rep tools	3 00
L D Vann, del elec ret	3 80
H A Eldred, " " sup	28 00
H C Brooks, rent	5 00
P W DeGuire, del ret	3 00
C C Johnson, " "	4 40
G W Pickle, " "	3 20
C W Brown, postg elec ret	2 44
J A Ward " " "	98
J W Eversole, elec sup	251 75
C E Nutter, hauling booths	2 50
A O Carpenter, del elec sup	49 00
L W Babcock, " " ret	1 00
Wm Van Allen, put up booths	5 00
F M Burke, del elec sup	28 00
W P Van Nader, takg down b.	2 50
J E Burke, hall rent	2 50
Silas Blake, handlg booths	2 50
C W Palm Co, sup co officers	11 59
J N Rea, stamps, etc	49 70
Press Pub Co, printing	54 75
G W Stout, ex insane	15 00
W H Southard, hauling	1 50
Electric Lt System, lights	20 50
F W Broback, printing	27 80
W F Ornbaun, ex g warden	25 00
T A Templeton, ins	184 00
S L Rea, autopsy	20 00
E F Sholl, stationery, etc	7 40
W D White, insurance	135 00
H G Wyckoff, ex insane	15 00
Geo Whitehorn, dig grave	5 00
J R Thomas, insurance	129 50
John Taylor, inquest	11 00
Mrs & Miss Thomas, reb txs	7 00
Wm Perry, ins	88 50
Orr & Evans, matrl and labor	4 36
T S Lynch, cons fees	174 65
E R Hughes, brd prisoners	24 26
E Hofman, mdse	14 05
Dispatch Dem, ptg	108 75
G W. Critchfield, jus fees	108 00
Jas H Carothers, ins	87 00
" " clk inquest	10 00
J. F. Barbee, expenses	3 10
J. L Cox, bdg wk	9 00
H S Crocker & Co, books	40 90
W W Cunningham, ins	87 00
John Lind, cons fees	29 75
L E W L Co, rd wk	130 79
J S Hart, expressage	90
E R Hughes, meals prison's	89 46
J D Hollingsworth, bdg wk	4 00
G W Critchfield, jus fees	33 00
C Hofman, sup	14 05
S S Tel & Tel Co, use phone	34 50
J O Stephenson, reb on taxes	12 14
W J Bailey, plastering, etc	34 00
D M Lowe, bdg wk	76 60
R A Spencer, " "	11 82
T J Weldon, sup for auditor	150 00
U Mer Co, sup Ct house	71 05
J S Hart, tel	4 15
T L Caughey, box rent	3 60
Archie McClure, reb on taxes	38 31
Sun Tel & Tel Co, use phone	30 00
C Hofman, sup	125 70
J P Hoffman	51 17
C Hofman, Mrs Smith	4 45
Miss J Gibson, wk at hosp	20 00
J B Huff, cleaning well	5 00
J H Barker, sup	11 85
Mrs D E Mankins, wk hospl	25 00
Orr & Evans, mtrl and labor	141 21
W A Hoffman, drugs	56 07
J B Seykora, fish	9 18
Porterfield & Bartlett, sup	8 60
U Mer Co, sup	1 50
E W Smith, wk at hosp	30 00
S L Rea co physician	78 00
Edwards Bros, meat	32 65
Elec Lt System, lights	12 20
Mrs M Stapp, wk at hosp	35 00
Smith & Gibson, meat	41 70
J Brunner & Son, sup	2 70
Jas Bartlett, house rent	2 50
Antonio Marchio, vegts	7 55
W A Phelps, painting	3 00
David Ervin, digging grave	2 65
D E Mankins, wk at hosp	55 00
E P Gilmorse, cash and sup	15 00

NOT MANY APOLLOS.

A Tailor's Comments on the Crookedness of His Customers.

"Why don't you follow the line you have chalked off?"

The question was asked of a swell Fifth avenue tailor who had on the cutting board in front of him a large piece of cloth marked off like an intricate railway map, and who was cutting a coat according to the marks, with variations. The variations called forth the question.

"Those marks are according to the measurements I made," he answered, "but my customer is not exactly alike on both sides, so I vary my cutting in order to get a good fit and yet not show the defect. These variations become almost involuntary after you know your subject. The marks are there to guide me, but as I cut I have in my mind a picture of my customer, and practice makes my shears vary from the lines as occasion requires.

"The fact is, Apollos are scarce. There are very few men who are not more or less deformed. It may be less in most cases, but it is enough to be perceptible to the trained eye, and part of our trade is to correct these defects. We say nothing to our customers about them and don't make different measurements for opposite sides of the figure, but we notice them just the same and construct garments so as to hide them as far as possible.

"We find shoulders of unequal height and slope, and they give us more trouble than all other disproportions. Symmetry of the coat must conceal these defects. Hips are frequently not exactly mated in shape, height or position, and not infrequently there is a slight difference in the length of legs or arms. It is our business to observe these things and correct them to the eye when the garment is on. This is not difficult with slight variations, but there are cases where it is nearly impossible, and then we simply do the best we can."—New York Herald.

The Hint Courteous.

The author of "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope" says that in assemblages where a little patience and good humor temper what is disagreeable the people of the Pacific slope are at their best.

Once at a performance of some play several youths were guying the principal character, to the annoyance of everybody else. Suddenly a gentleman said to them very politely:

"That lady on the stage is making so much noise that we cannot hear what you are saying. But I hope we shall have the pleasure of listening to your criticisms later, when the act is over." Silence followed the remark.

At times something more forcible is needed. A certain lady had one day been rudely treated by a minor railway official. She was very indignant and quite at a loss for words. But she had a saving sense of humor and turned to a stranger at her elbow.

"Sir," said she, "will you tell this man what I think of him?"

The stranger, without betraying the least excitement, said in a melancholy drawl:

"Sir, this lady thinks you are an understrapper, clothed with a little brief authority, whose only qualification for the position you occupy is your extraordinary impudence!"

Found the House.

The late Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley, professor of music at Oxford, was once going to call on a friend in London and asked a fellow musician the number in which he lived in a certain street.

"I don't know his number," answered the other, "but the note of his door scraper is C sharp."

Sir Frederick went off, contentedly kicking the door scrapers all down the street until he came to the right one, when he rang the bell and went in.—London Standard.

MILLY'S REVENGE.

Mrs. Somers and her daughter Milly were iceboating in the Snowbird on Chebacco lake, and Milly was aglow with pleasurable excitement. In the midst of a burst of merriment her eye was caught by a boat just putting out from the shore, and a glance at its occupants caused her gay laughter to die away, while her laughing mouth was set in a stern, straight line. He had brought Phebe Arnold iceboating. All the gloom of the past week settled again on Milly's brow, and a curt nod was her only answer to the greeting from Jack Warren's boat.

A little lump came in Milly's throat as she thought what good friends she and Jack had always been until that unfortunate speech of hers had sent him away in a rage pursued by her mocking laughter—laughter that had given way to a flood of tears almost before the door had closed upon him. That was last Monday night, and all the week Milly had waited for him to come back and forgive her, refusing to believe he could desert her for some other girl, especially Phebe Arnold, who was one of those helpless girls who faint at the sight of a mouse and cling to a man frantically at the very suggestion of danger.

Milly wondered how Jack could endure such babyish ways, and then as she contemptuously watched Phebe's pretty, appealing gestures a scheme came into her mind and fixed itself there and would not be driven away. It was unworthy of her, and Milly knew it, but— "I will," she thought, setting her lips even more firmly. "I will give her a fright that will make Phebe Arnold act so foolish that Jack Warren will never want to look at her again."

Raising her voice, Milly called to the owner of the Argus, who brought his boat up alongside the Snowbird.

"Won't you get in and try my boat, Miss Arnold?" she asked cordially. "Papa, please get into Mr. Warren's boat while I take Miss Arnold in here. The Snowbird is much swifter than the Argus and perhaps she would like the change."

Phebe would have protested. She was an arrant coward, and the Argus was quite fast enough to suit her, but Jack and Mr. Somers insisted that the change would be a relief after sitting so long in one position, so reluctantly Phebe stepped aboard the Snowbird, ashamed of her fears and yet feeling instinctively that Milly was not quite so friendly as she appeared.

The Snowbird, sheltered by the shore, went at a very moderate pace at first, but as soon as Phebe was chatting merrily away in temporary forgetfulness, all suspicions allayed, Milly sent the boat out into the open, where in the strong wind the Snowbird, like its namesake, seemed fairly to fly through the air.

"Oh, Miss Somers!" exclaimed Phebe, at last aroused by their rapid flight. "Do stop! I am so frightened!"

"I can't," said Milly, bringing the boat up into the wind with such a sharp turn that Phebe screamed. "Hold on tight!"

The Snowbird, to a novice's eye, was now apparently out of control, but an expert would have seen that Milly's grasp on the tiller was unrelaxed and that Milly's eye measured distances unerringly. Now the boat seemed rushing upon a ledge of rocks and just escaping by a miracle; now she went flying among the other boats so that Phebe's screams and pleadings for help could be plainly heard.

Milly smiled grimly. To the other boaters, who could see that the Snowbird was merely doing a few fancy turns, Phebe's actions must appear ridiculous. Jack Warren's opinion of her could not be very high now, Milly thought, while his opinion of Milly herself mattered nothing. Doubtless he could not entertain a worse one.

But the height of Milly's folly was yet to appear. At one end of the lake the ice cutters had left a large area of ice marked out, and where they had been cutting a great gulf of inky black water yawned.

The Snowbird began to fly back and forth over this marked ice, and with each of Phebe's terrified cries the fire of revenge burned fiercer in Milly's breast.

Nearer and nearer the edge of the black opening the Snowbird circled, and then Milly's excited brain spun round and round, the main sheet slipped from her nerveless fingers, and the Snowbird, carried along by her own impetus, plunged with a tremendous splash into the dark water, half filled, rolled helplessly a moment and then righted herself and lay floating on the surface of the lake.

There was no danger, and Phebe's piercing screams soon brought relief, but Milly's mad fit was over. The icy plunge had restored her to her right mind, and it was a very penitent and self accusing girl who was quietly wrapped up and taken home by Jack Warren.

"I didn't realize what I was doing till I felt the cold water round me," said Milly tearfully, hiding her face against Jack's arm in the kindly twilight. "It was a sorry revenge that I had, Jack."

"It was a naughty and a dangerous thing to do, Milly," was her lover's reply, "but I think your cold bath brought us both to our senses."—Philadelphia Item.

Somewhat Different.

The Grocer—I understand you said I sold you a jug of cider that had water in it?

The Butcher—You have been misinformed. What I said was that you sold me a jug of water that had a little cider in it.—Chicago Daily News.

FIGPRUNE Cereal

Requires less sugar than tea, coffee, or any other cereal coffee, the wholesome fruit sugar contained in figs and prunes largely supplying this need

It is the verdict of every housewife that FIGPRUNE is the most economical and nutritious of any cereal coffee.

Boil from 5 to 10 minutes only.

ALL GROCERS SELL

FIGPRUNE CEREAL

CRIMES AND ACCIDENTS.

At Logansport, Ind., John Rush held his 6-year-old boy to the upper window of a tiger's cage in Robinson's circus that a better view might be obtained before the sideboards were let down. The boy's face had hardly appeared at the barred window before the angry tiger, with a roar, reached up and viciously wiped his paw, with claws protruding, over the lad's head and face, leaving the flesh mangled and torn. The boy may die.

The Chicago and Baltimore passenger train from the east was held up by five masked men about 30 miles from Chicago, and one of the mail cars, which contained no money, was dynamited and wrecked. The failure of the robbers to make a rich haul was due to the fact that the express car, which contained the train's treasure, was in an unusual place, being the third car in the train. The men escaped in the darkness, their only booty being the gold watch of the engineer.

A dispatch faom Manti, Utah, says that Rasmus Anderson, aged 27, shot Miss Emily Campbell, aged about 22, and P. C. Christensen, and then committed suicide. Miss Campbell was driving in the stage toward her home at Mayfield, and was met by Anderson, a discarded sweetheart, who immediately began shooting. He fired four shots, two of which entered the young woman's body and one penetrated her arm, the fourth shattering the arm of Christensen, the stage driver. Anderson then turned the rifle on himself and blew out his brains.

Three negroes—Betsy McCray, with her son, Belfield McCray, and daughter, Ida McCray—implicated in the murders of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Taliaferro, were taken from the jail by a mob at Carrollton, Miss., and hanged. Another negro, named Will Price, who worked for Taliaferro, was, a few days later, found on the road with a rope round his neck and riddled with bullets.

A boy named Lemoyne Jayne, of Little Rock, Ark., after being present at the hanging of a negro named Jim Anderson, constructed a miniature scaffold and invited one of his playmates to take the place of the condemned man. Failing in this, he adjusted the noose round his own neck, stepped on the trap and the drop fell His neck was not broken, but the doctors give no hope of his recovery.

A terrific explosion in a block of six buildings in Locust street, near Tenth, Philadelphia, wrecked five of the structures and caused the death of from 10 to 20 or more persons. More than two score of others were more or less seriously injured. Some of those taken to the hospital will die. A barrel of gasoline in a grocery store in one of the buildings is believed to have exploded.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The towns of Calapan, Nujan and Pola, on the northeast coast of the island of Mindoro, were occupied by a battalion of the Thirteenth infantry and Macabebe scouts after a slight resistance. The insurgents, numbering 250, fled into the interior. Their commander, Howard, who is a deserter, is hiding in the mountains, and the Americans are in pursuit.

Captain Stafford, at Santa Cruz, in Laguna province, reports the recovery of the stolen pay chest, with the contents apparently untouched. Thirty-four insurgents, a majority of them armed with rifles, were captured by the First cavalry in Batangas province.

Adjutant-General Corbin and his party arrived at Jolo, and spent the day there. The sultan and his court received the visitors with a guard of honor of 100 men, armed with Mauser rifles. The latter remained outside the walled city. The sultan, who is fighting the rebellious Datos, reports that he expects their early subjugation. This will close the war in which only 40 men have been killed during two months' "fighting" The trouble does not concern the Americans at all, being entirely confined to the Moros, over whom the sultan will soon regain control. Adjutant-General Corbin presented a handsome pair of binoculars to the sultan, who immediately returned to his camp. The adjutant-general left Manila for Shanghai August 4.

Courts martial are to be held in Manila on Lieutenant Preston Brown and Captain Francis P. Freemont, Sesond infantry. The lieutenant is accused of killing a native who refused to recover the body of a soldier from the river. The charges against Captain Freemont are not yet known.

SERGEANT DAVIES' GHOST

Five years passed, and the mysterious disappearance of Sergeant Davies had not been accounted for. Even his comrades had ceased to speculate over it. Nor would it probably ever have been solved but for one man who had sworn never to cease his inquiries and investigations until the murderers of Sergeant Davies were brought to justice. This man was James Small, formerly an ensign in the Earl of London's regiment.

With patient, dogged perseverance and the keen instinct of a born detective he set himself to the task of discovering the perpetrators of the crime and at last succeeded. Bit by bit he joined together the stray pieces of evidence until he had a case sufficiently strong to justify him securing the arrest of two highlanders, Duncan Terig, alias Clerk, and Alexander Bain Macdonald. The fowling piece belonging to the murdered man had been found in the house of one of them and trinkets and valuables known to have been the property of Sergeant Davies had been seen in the possession of both men.

The prisoners were arraigned before the lords of session at 7 o'clock on the morning of June 11, 1754. Then there was made public the strange story of the manner in which the crime and its perpetrators had been discovered.

Alexander Macpherson of Inverey, a farm servant, aged 26, deposed that one night in the summer of 1750, while in bed in a shealing (the long turf thatched outhouses in which highland farm servants sleep in beds ranged along the wall), several others being at the same time in the said shealing, there entered a man dressed in blue whom he took to be the brother of a neighbor, Donald Farquharson of Glendee, who came to his bedside and beckoned him to come out. Macpherson rose and followed the figure outside the door, whereupon the person turned and said:

"I am Sergeant Davies." Then, pointing to a moss, or tract of swampy land, known as Christie's hill, he added: "You will find my bones there. Go and bury them at once, for I can have no peace nor will I give you any until my bones are buried, and you may get Donald Farquharson to help you."

Having spoken these words solemnly and earnestly, the apparition vanished. Early next morning Macpherson went alone to the spot indicated by the wraith, and so exactly had been the instructions given by the mysterious visitant that before he had searched five minutes he came upon a human body imbedded in the moss.

A few nights later the apparition again visited Macpherson when he was in bed in the shealing and reproached him for not having carried out its instructions for burial, urging him at the same time to lose no time in committing the remains to the earth. Then Macpherson plucked up courage to ask, "Who murdered you?" To which the apparition replied, "Duncan Clerk and Alexander Macdonald."

On the following day Macpherson went to Donald Farquharson, told him the story and persuaded him to come and assist to bury the body of the murdered man in dry ground. Farquharson went with Macpherson to Christie's hill, carried the body away, dug a grave in dry ground and there buried the remains. To all his own share in the business Farquharson swore positively and emphatically expressed his belief that Macpherson had told nothing but the truth. The only other person to whom Macpherson confided the story was John Growar of Dalhownie, who deposed that Macpherson, under strict promise of secrecy, told him a few days after the apparition had appeared for the second time how he, in obedience to its commands, had, with the assistance of Donald Farquharson, buried the body.

But there was still stronger corroboration of Macpherson's strange story in the evidence given by Isabel Machardie of Inverey, who deposed that on the night on which Macpherson declared that he saw the apparition for the second time she, sleeping at the other end of the shealing, in the portion set apart for the women, most distinctly saw "something naked come in at the door and go straight to Macpherson's bed, which frightened her so much that she drew the clothes over her head; that when it appeared it came in a bowing posture, but she could not tell what it was; that next morning she asked Macpherson what it was that had troubled them the night before, and that he had answered she might be easy, for it would trouble them no more."

The counsel for the prisoners was one of the most eminent advocates in Scotland, Alexander Lockhart. He was a notorious Jacobite and had gained for himself much celebrity by defending the prisoners captured after the rising of 1745. As in duty bound he threw ridicule upon this story of the ghost, and he made his great points when in cross examination of Macpherson, who could speak nothing but Gaelic and whose evidence had to be interpreted to the court, he said to the witness:

"What language did the ghost speak in?"

To which Macpherson promptly replied, "As good Gaelic as ever I heard in Lochaber."

"Pretty good for the ghost of an English sergeant," said Lockhart, and there was general laughter in court. His case was won. The jury's verdict was "not guilty."

Forgot to Ask.

She—The jeweler says the diamond in my ring is not genuine.

He—Um—er—he told me the ring was real gold. I forgot to ask him about the stone.—New York Weekly.

No Pegs.

Beerbohm Tree had a comical experience on his first appearance as the corpulent Falstaff. In the last act he had arranged that Falstaff, disconcerted by gibes and buffets of the fairies in Windsor forest, should make one herculean effort to climb the oak tree. The pegs that were to serve as supports for that tree were always conspicuous by their absence. On the morning before the performance Mr. Tree was told they should positively be fixed on the tree. The morning came, but with it no pegs. Eloquence was stifled; even invective faltered. He pointed to the tree and with the calm of despair blurted out to the defaulter, "No pegs!"

Such an ejaculation, spoken more in sorrow than in anger, would, he hoped, appeal to that last remnant of conscience which even the papier mache bosom of a property man might be supposed to retain. In the evening there was a dress rehearsal, but still no pegs could be seen. Mr. Tree's form quivered—beneath the padding—with pent up emotions, and in a torrent of passion and a voice shaken by righteous wrath he exclaimed:

"Where are those pegs?"

"Pegs—pegs!" exclaimed the property master, with exasperating affability. "Why, guv'nor, what was your words to me this morning? 'No pegs.' And there ain't none!"—London Tit-Bits.

Howells' Advice to Writers.

One day at Lakewood while sitting at a little table in the big rotunda hall drinking afternoon tea I met Mr. W. D. Howells and had a delightful conversation with him. After knowing the personality of this famous author one enjoys his writing ten times more—he is so magnetic and his conversation so interesting and breezy. "Yes," he said, "I always advise any one who has an inclination for it to try to write. One shouldn't expect to have the first things one does published, but one must keep on trying. It is an excellent plan to set down something one has seen in everyday life and try to get a story out of it. Indeed, it's the best way to practice.

"Writing is mostly drudgery," he continued. "I have to force myself to go into my library to work, and I find myself putting off the hour as long as possible."

"But when you once sit down?" I ventured.

"Even then it's hard work for awhile until I get into the swing. Let no one imagine the muse comes without a summons and without a good deal of urging! At least she never does to me!"—Anna Wentworth in Woman's Home Companion.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

A Washington dispatch of July 30 says: The stock of gold in the treasury is the largest in the history of the government and is accumulating at the rate of $4,500,000 to $5,000,000 a month. Today's figures are $504,354 297, of which $248,658,698 is free gold, but including $150,000,000 gold reserve. Since July 1, 1900, the stock of gold on hand has increased about $81,000,000.

The agricultural department will issue an exhaustive report on truck farming and the transportation of fruits and vegetables in the United States. The report covers the following points: First, a description of the transportation of fruits and vegetables from southern truck farms to northern markets; second, a description of the California fruit industry and the movement of California fruits to interior points and Atlantic seabord cities; third, freight rates and refrigerator charges on perishable products in all important sections of the country. The report says: "Such a thing as a particular season for any kind of vegetable in our principal markets is at this time practically unknown, and it is now possible to draw upon the different sections of the country and receive at any season of the year nearly all the standard varieties of vegetables."

Bull Baiting.

Although bull baiting was a cruel pastime, it was also a fulfilling of the law, for formerly no butcher was allowed to offer for sale the flesh of any bull that had not been baited. The goading of the animal in a fury was supposed to have some influence on the flesh. In a similar belief the flesh of a hunted hare was thought to be superior in flavor to that of one that had been shot, and a present of "a hunted hare" was considered to be a special compliment. In the records of the corporation of Leicester, England, the following order appears: "At a common hall, held on Thursday before St. Simon and St. Jude, 1467, 'no butcher to kill a bull till baited.'" At Winchester it was ordered (thirtieth Henry VIII) "that from hensforth ther shal be no bulstake set before any mayor's dore to bayte any bull, but onlie at the bull-ringe within the saide cytie."

In every town and village may be had, the

Mica Axle Grease

that makes your horses glad.

Made by Standard Oil Co.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE **CASTORIA** ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE PEOPLE'S NATIONAL FAMILY PAPER

The Tri-Weekly New York Tribune

Published Monday, Wednesday and Friday, is in reality a fine, fresh, every other-day Daily, giving the latest news on days of issue, and covering news of the other three. It contains all important foreign cable news which appears in THE DAILY TRIBUNE of same date, also domestic and foreign correspondence, short stories, elegant half-tone illustrations, humorous items, industrial information, fashion notes, agricultural matters and comprehensive, reliable financial and market reports

Regular subscription price, $1.50 per year.

We furnish it with THE REPUBLICAN PRESS for $3 per year.

The New York Weekly Tribune

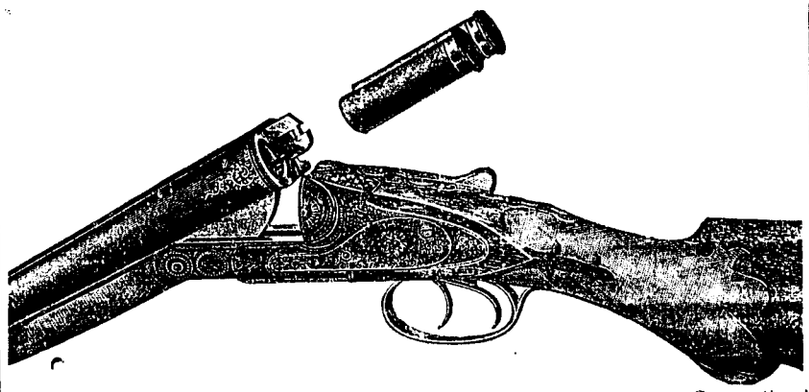
Published on Thursday, and known for nearly sixty years in every part of the United States as a National Family Newspaper of the highest class, for farmers, and villagers. It contains all the most important general news of THE DAILY TRIBUNE up to hour of going to press, an agricultural department of the highest order, has entertaining reading for every member of the family, old and young. Market reports which are accepted as authority by farmers and country merchants, and is clean, up-to-date, interesting and instructive.

Regular subscription price $1 per year.

We furnish it with THE REPUBLICAN PRESS for $2.50 per year.

Send All Orders to The Republican-Press, Ukiah, California

L. C. SMITH GUNS



We make guns ranging in price from $37 to $740. We use Damascus, Crown Steel Nitro Steel, Krupp and Whitworth Fluid Steel Barrels. The only gun in the world guaranteed to shoot NITRO POWDER and NOT GET LOOSE.

Send for Catalog. **Hunter Arms Co.,** Fulton, N. Y

THE FASHION

LIVERY & FEED STABLES

J. H. Smith, Proprietor.

STATE STREET, UKIAH, CAL. . . . . OPPOSITE GRAND HOTEL

Good tournouts for hire—double and single teams and saddle horses. The best of care taken of transient stock. Teams furnished with or without driver Your patronage solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

THE TOKIYO LAUNDRY Will be started Monday, March 11th, in Eagle block. First-class work guaranteed. Goods called for and delivered free. Office at the California Restaurant. A share of the public patronage solicited. **J. Maruyama, Proprietor.**

CALIFORNIA RESTAURANT

Board by month, $15. First-Class Meals at all hours.

Single meals, 25c. EAGLE BLOCK, State Street

Lodge Directory

UKIAH LODGE, NO. 213, KNIGHTS OF Pythias, meets every Wednesday night at I. O. O. F. hall at 8 o'clock.
WM. LUCAS, C. C. R. L. Crane, K. of R. & S.

ABEL LODGE, NO. 146, F. & A. M.—REGULar meetings, Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month in Masonic hall. J. M. MANNON, W. M.
W. W. Cunningham, Secretary.

UKIAH COMMANDERY, No 33, K. T., meets in Masonic hall on the second Thursday of each month. Sojourning Knights are requested to attend.
GEO. W. STOUT, E. C.
Sam D. Paxton, Rec.

Professional Cards

FRED A. REYNOLDS

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
COVELO, CAL.
Will practice in all state Courts.

WM. J. BIGGERS, JR.
WITH W. R. DAINGERFIELD
ATTORNEY AT LAW
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
Rooms 65 & 66 Nevada Block. 'Phone, Bush 257.

F. T. HITTELL

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
UKIAH, CALIFORNIA
Office in Marks' build'g, above City of Ukiah

WHITE & THOMAS

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
UKIAH, CALIFORNIA
Will practice in all State and Federal Courts. Office in White's law building, northwest of courthouse.

JOHN L. M'NAB MAURICE HIRSCH

ATTORNEYS
(Successors to J. A. Cooper)
In offices formerly occupied by J. A. Cooper, Odd Fellows' building, up stairs, Ukiah, Cal

T. L. CAROTHERS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
UKIAH, CAL.
Practices in all the State and Federal Courts

ARTHUR J. THATCHER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
COURT COMMISSIONER
UKIAH, CALIFORNIA
Will practice in all State and Federal Courts
OFFICE—In Mark's building.

MRS. DR. T. H. ZIPFELL.

Office in residence of C. A. Owens on Smith street. Office hours 11 to 5.

S. L. REA, M. D.

Office in Heger building, west of Court House
Ukiah, California.

H. G. WYCKOFF, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Will do general practice. Especial attention given to obstetrics and female diseases.
Office and residence one block south of Catholic church on Bush street.

DR. J. L. BOND,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OFFICE—Glazier residence, State st., Ukiah

GEO. W. STOUT, M. D.

UKIAH CITY, CAL.
OFFICE—Corner Oak and Perkins streets

DR. E. G. CASE,

DENTIST.
OFFICE—Residence, cor. Oak and Standley streets, Ukiah, Cal.

GEORGE M'COWEN, D. D. S.

DENTIST.
Southeast corner State and Clay Streets
Ukiah, California.

GIBSON & REA F. E. REA, D. D. S. A. LEE GIBSON, D. D. S.

DENTISTS.
Rooms 7, 8, 9, 10, Marks Building, Ukiah, Cal

Debts Never Die

When you die your salary stops Your earning power ceases.

But your debts don't die—they become liabilities against your estate.

You can, however, make your debts die with you—by means of life assurance.

The Equitable Life is the best and strongest in the world.

Send your age and get figures.

J. C. RUDDOCK

Ukiah - - - California

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND WOmen to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary $780 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Caxton Building, Chicago.